

After Eight Bells.

Tales of Nautical Adventure Heard In Our Watch Below.

"The Evening World" Prize for the Best Sea Story.

Contest to Close at 6 P. M. Saturday Aug. 9.

The Sea Story Contest will be closed at 6 P. M. of Saturday, Aug. 9. No letters received after that hour will be eligible to compete for the prize.

CONTEST. Letters must be addressed to the "Sea Story" Editor of THE EVENING WORLD, 200 N. York City. Write only on one side of the paper. The letters must not exceed 250 words in length. Stories must be copied or paraphrased from books of travel, histories, etc. Postage stamps and a special request must be enclosed to secure the return of any manuscript. A prize of \$20 in gold will be awarded to the author of the best story.

Story of a Fight with Pirates.

On a voyage from New York to Bombay I went on deck one cold January night. The howling wind and drifting snow made things very disagreeable to those on duty. Being of a hearty constitution, I little dreamed of the tempest, but lit my pipe and enjoyed a quiet smoke in a cozy corner of the deck.

Presently I fell asleep, only to be aroused by the lookout, who shouted, "Shin, ahoy!" I arose to see where it was, and perceived a faint light, some fifty yards off, and to windward, bearing down upon us. We signaled the vessel, but to our surprise she did not respond.

"Great God!" exclaimed the captain, suddenly, "it is the Blind Hawk!" The Blind Hawk was a notorious pirate, manned by a remorseless gang of cut-throats, who destroyed and plundered everything that came within their reach.

Resolved to sell our lives dearly, every man on board volunteered to defend the ship. We procured a number of cutlasses and stood prepared to meet the enemy. The pirates were taken completely by surprise, and without ceremony boarded our vessel.

For the next twenty minutes a desperate and bloody battle ensued, in which we came out victorious. Six of our most gallant defenders were killed. Three of the pirates were taken captive and held in chains. The remaining pirates retreated in confusion and soon sailed off.

The bleeding snow-storm rendered it impossible to estimate their loss, but it exceeded ours.

We reached our destination without further mishap and delivered the three captives to the authorities, to whom they were well known. They were beheaded without a trial.

LEANDER BURLOW.

Founded in a Blazing Sea of Oil.

It was in the year 1876 that the schooner Ernle McGowan sailed from this port for the Mosquito Coast with a full cargo of oil. All went well until the fourth day out, when a tremendous electric storm arose. We were struck by a large wave which capsize the vessel, and before we could realize what had happened all hands were struggling in the water.

As it happened, the small boats were not securely fastened, and soon they appeared on the surface and all hands were scrambling into them.

In one was the captain and four of the crew, while in the other was the mate, cook and a passenger.

We immediately pulled off and hoisted our signals of distress, but had not gone far when a sharp flash of lightning was seen, which was followed immediately by a loud explosion, and upon looking in the direction of the blast, we found that the oil had been struck and that it "nirre" vessel was in a blaze.

No sooner had the lightning struck the ship, than the burning oil sprang up and was coming for us with a wild fury. The captain gave orders for all hands to man the oars and pull as they never pulled before, and in a short time we had succeeded in getting out of reach of the wild flames.

The poor mate and his comrades were so fortunate as to escape, but the two assistants it was impossible for him to make any headway in such a sea, and the angry flames were soon encircling their boat, which immediately sank.

They in their mad fright jumped into the water, only to be smothered by the flames, and all went down.

While we were endeavoring in some way to save our poor friends another wave came and swamped our boat, and the captain and the ship's cook were the only persons who succeeded in getting into her again. When they did the other three, together with our oars, were gone.

The fire attracted the attention of the British bark Alice, which immediately put on all sail and reached and rescued us from our perilous position. T. K. T.

Sailors' American Fighting Roosters.

It is a well-known fact that sailors love pets, and anecdotes of all kinds are told concerning them. The one I am about to relate is true.

I was aboard the bark Nemesis, of Boston, and while in Rio Janeiro there came alongside, as usual, bumpboats with all sorts of curios, which would be barded for clothing.

One of the curios was an American rooster, which I bought for a few dollars. It was a very fine specimen, and I took it home with me.

After considerable money had been put up for a few moments there was nothing but anatomical specimens in the air of the crowd that had gathered in front of the cage. The rooster was a very pretty fellow, but it was a little bit of a coward.

One day, when I was out for a walk, I saw a small dog, which I took to be a stray, and I went to pick it up. It was a very pretty fellow, but it was a little bit of a coward.

Carried the Iron Thirteen Years. In 1897 I was mate on the whaling schooner Anna G. One afternoon, just before sundown, we lowered a boat and harpooned a large whale. The animal turned and dashed so quickly at us that, before we could avoid the catastrophe, our boat was smashed and we were all floundering in the heavy sea.

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